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By Mr. TOWN,
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— *Genus humanum multo fuit illud in arvis*
Durius. — — — *Juv.*

Mr. VILLAGE to Mr. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN!

 MERE Country Squire, who passes all his time among dogs and horses, is now become an uncommon character; and the most awkward loobily inheritor of an old mansion-house is a fine gentleman in comparison to his forefathers. The principles of a town education formerly scarce spread themselves beyond the narrow limits of the bills of mortality: but now every London refinement travels to the remotest corner of the kingdom, and the polite families from the town duly import to their distant seats the customs and manners of *Pall-mall* and *Grosvenor-Square*.

I HAVE been for this fortnight past at Lord Courtley's, who for about four months in every year leads a town life at the distance of above two hundred miles from London. He never rises till twelve or one o'clock; though indeed he often sees the sun rise; but then that only happens, when, as the old song says, he has "drank down the moon." Drinking is the only rural amusement he pursues, but even that part of his diversions is conducted entirely in the London fashion. He does not swill country ale, but gets drunk with Champagne and Burgundy; and every dish at his table is served up with as much elegance as at White's or Ryan's. He has an excellent pack of hounds: but, I believe, was never in at the death of a fox in his life: yet strangers never want a chace, for the hounds are out three times a week with a younger brother of Lord Courtley's, who never saw London in his life; and who, if he was not indulged with a place at his lordship's table, might naturally be considered as his whipper-in, or his game-keeper.

THE evening-walk is a thing unknown and unheard of at Lord Courtley's: for, though situated in a very fine country, he knows no more of the charms of purling streams and shady groves, than if they never existed but in poetry or romance. As soon as the daily debauch after dinner, and the ceremonies of coffee and tea are over, the company is conducted into a magnificent apartment illuminated with wax-candles, and set out with as many card-tables, as the route of a foreign ambassador's lady. Here Faro, Whist, Brag, Laniquenet, and every other fashionable game make up the evening's entertainment. This piece of politeness has sometimes fallen heavy on some honest country gentlemen, who have found dining with his lordship turn out a very dear ordinary; and many a good lady has had occasion to

curse

curse the cards, and her ill-starred connections with persons of quality: though his lordship is never at a loss for a party, for as several people of fashion have seats near him, he often sits down with some of his friends of the club at *White's*. I had almost forgot to mention that her ladyship keeps a day, which is Sunday.

THIS, Dear Cousin, is the genteel manner of living in the country; and I cannot help observing, that persons polite enough to be fond of such exquisite refinements, are partly in the same case with the mechanic at his dusty villa. They both, indeed, change their situation; but neither find the least alteration in their ideas. The tradesman, when at his box; has all the notions that employ him in his counting-house: and the nobleman, though in the farthest part of *England*, may still be said to breathe the air of *St. James's*.

I WAS chiefly induced to send you this short account of the refined manner, in which persons of fashion pass their time at *Lord Courtley's*, because I think it a very striking contrast to the character described in the inclosed paper. I hope your readers will not do either you or me the honour to think this natural description a mere creature of the imagination. The picture of the extraordinary gentleman here described is now at the seat of *Lord Shaftsbury* at *St. Giles's* near *Cranborn* in *Dorsetshire*, and this lively character of him was really and truly drawn by *Anthony Asby Cowper*, first Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and is inscribed on the picture. I doubt not but you will be glad of being able to communicate it to the public, and that they will receive it with their usual candour.

I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

The Character of the Honourable W. HASTINGS of Woodlands in Hampshire; Second Son of FRANCIS Earl of Huntingdon.

IN the Year 1638 lived Mr. *Hastings*; by his Quality Son, Brother, and Uncle to the Earls of *Huntingdon*. He was peradventure an original in our Age; or rather the Copy of our ancient Nobility, in hunting, not in warlike times.

He was low, very strong and very active; of a reddish flaxen Hair. His Cloaths always green Cloth, and never all worth (when new) five Pounds.

His House was perfectly of the old Fashion, in the midst of a large Park well stocked with Deer; and near the House Rabbits to serve his Kitchen; many Fishponds; great store of Wood and Timber; a Bowling Green in it, long but narrow, full of high Ridges, it being never levell'd since it was plough'd. They used round Sand Bowls; and it had a Banqueting House like a Stand, built in a Tree.

He kept all Manner of Sport Hounds, that ran Buck, Fox, Hare, Otter, and Badger. And Hawks, long and short winged. He had all Sorts of Nets for Fish. He had a Walk in the *New Forest*, and the Manor of *Christ-Church*. This last supply'd him with Red Deer, Sea and River Fish. And indeed all his Neighbours Grounds and Royalties were free to him, who bestow'd all his Time on these Sports, but what he borrow'd to care for his Neighbours Wives and Daughters; there being not a Woman in all his Walks, of the Degree of a Yeoman's Wife or under, and under the Age of forty, but it was extremely her Fault, if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular; always speaking kindly to the Husband, Brother or Father: who was to boot, very welcome to his House, whenever he came. There he found Beef, Pudding, and small

small Beer in great plenty. A House not so neatly kept as to shame *Him* or his dirty shoes: the great Hall strow'd with Marrow-bones, full of Hawks-Perches, Hounds, Spaniels and Terriers: the upper Side of the Hall hung with Fox-skins of this and the last Year's killing; here and there a Pole-Cat intermixt; Game-keepers and Hunter's Poles in great Abundance.

The Parlour was a large Room as properly furnished. On a great Hearth payed with Brick lay some Terriers, and the choicest Hounds and Spaniels. Seldom but two of the great Chairs had litters of young Cats in them; which were not to be disturbed; he having always three or four attending him at Dinner; and a little white round Stick of fourteen Inches lying by his Trencher, that he might defend such Meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The Windows (which were very large) served for Places to lay his Arrows, Cross-Bows, Stone-Bows, and other such like Accoutrements. The Corners of the Room full of the best-chosen Hunting and Hawking Poles. An Oyster Table at the lower End, which was of constant Use twice a Day all the Year round. For he never failed to eat Oysters, before Dinner and Supper, through all Seasons; the neighbouring Town of *Pool* supply'd him with them.

The upper part of the Room had two small Tables and a Desk, on the one side of which was a Church Bible, and on the other the Book of Martyrs. On the Table were Hawks-Hoods, Bells, and such like; two or three old green Hats, with their Crowns thrust in so as to hold ten or a dozen Eggs, which were of a Pheasant kind of Poultry he took much care of and fed himself. Tables, Dice, Cards, and Boxes were not wanting. In the Hole of the Desk were store of Tobacco Pipes that had been used.

On one Side of this End of the Room was the Door of a Clofet wherein stood the Strong Beer and the Wine, which never came thence but in single Glasses; that being the Rule of the House exactly observ'd. For he never exceeded in Drink or permitted it.

On the other Side was the Door into an old Chapel, not used for Devotion. The Pulpit, as the safest Place, was never wanting of a cold Chine of Beef, Venison Pasty, Gammon of Bacon, or great Apple-pye with thick Crust, extremely baked.

His Table cost him not much; though it was good to eat at. His Sports supplied all but Beef and Mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best Saltfish (as well as other Fish) he could get; and was the Day his Neighbours of best Quality most visited him. He never wanted a *London* Pudding, and always sung it in with *My Part lies therein-a*. He drank a Glas or two of Wine at Meals; very often Syrup of Gilly-flower in his Sack; and had always a Tun Glas, without Feet, stood by him, holding a Pint of Small-Beer which he often stirr'd with Rosemary.

He was well natured but soon angry, calling his Servants, Bastards and cuckoldy Knaves, in one of which he often spoke Truth to his own Knowledge; and sometimes in both, though of the same Man. He lived to be an hundred; never lost his Eye-sight, but always wrote and read without Spectacles; and got on Horseback without Help. Until past fourscore he rode to the Death of a Stag as well as any.